So shall you quietly enioy your hope,
And marrie sweete *Bianca* with consent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to steale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
Ile keepe mine owne despite of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees wee meane to looke into,
And watch our vantage in this businesse,
Wee'l ouer-reach the graybeard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Musitian, amorous *Litio*,
All for my masters sake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.
Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom comming home?
Gre. A Bridegroome say you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumling groome, and that the girle shall finde.
Tra. Curster then she, why 'tis impossible.
Gre. Why he's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.
Tra. Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuills damme.
Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:
Ile tell you sir *Lucentio*; when the Priest
Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife.
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd, the Priest let fall the booke,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe,
That down fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he if any list.
Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe?
Gre. Trembled and shooke for why he stamp'd and swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, he calls for wine, a health quoth he as if he had been aboord carowsing to his mates after a storme, quaft off the Muscadell, and threw the sops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske him sops

as he was drinking This done, h
and kist her lips with such a cla
all the Church did eccho: and I
shame, and after mee I know t
marriage neuer was before: hark
Musi

Enter Petruchio, Kate,

Petr. Gentlemen and friends
I know you thinke to dine with
And haue prepar'd great store of
But so it is, my haste doth call n
And therefore heere I meane to
Bap. Is't possible you will a
Pet. I must away to day befor
Make it no wonder: If you knew
You would intreate me rather s
And honest company, I thanke
That haue beheld me giue away
To this most patient, sweete, an
Dine with my father, drinke a h
For I must hence, and farewell
Tra. Let vs intreate you stay t
Pet. It may not be,
Gra. Let me intreate you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kate. Let me intreate you.
Pet. I am content.
Kat. Are you content to stay
Pet. I am content you shall i
But yet not stay, entreate me ho
Kat. Now if you loue me stay
Pet. Grumio, my horse,
Gru. I sir they be ready, the O
Kate. Nay then,
Do what thou canst, I will not g
No, nor to morrow, not till I pl
The dore is open sir, there lies y
You may be iogging whiles your

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.1